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surprises us by the freedom and cleanliness of his touch. Two or three of RANNEY'S pictures have a blunt vigor about them which is appropriate to their subjects, drawn from the rough life of the prairies. They are not so full of vitality nor so successful in drawing as some of his works of the last year. Indeed, in this matter of form we have almost given up in despair the expectation of ever seeing our artists decently successful. It is the corner-stone of technical excellence, but is so rarely cultivated that we have left it nearly out of sight in these criticisms, intending to make some general salvo like this without taking the trouble of constantly interposing a qualification upon this point. There is so much the greater propriety, however, in fully acknowledging any exhibition of success in this department in the rare instances in which it occurs, therefore we take great pleasure in noticing the Crayon Sketches of Mr. DUGGAN, the Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy. One of these, a *Holy Family*, has been greatly admired for the dignity and correctness of its forms, and a sort of quiet and repose which admirably suit the subject. The figures are less intimately grouped than is usual in this class of pictures. Joseph and Mary stand apart, one on each side of the children, St. John and the Saviour, who occupy the centre while bending down from above and completing the pyramidal arrangement, are two angels most beautifully drawn and full of aerial grace and lightness. There is less beauty in the heads of the parents than we could have desired, particularly in the Joseph, in the eyes of which there seems to be a fault, but the general arrangement and the whole conception of the work are original and striking. The sketch from *Pilgrim's Progress*, by the same artist, also shows the careful study of form that characterizes him, combined with much that is highly imaginative and expressive. We are glad to hear that Prof. Duggan, in addition to his public duties at the Academy, is willing to give private instruction in his art. We know of no more competent master in the country. We were much pleased with a sketch by ROSSITER, called *Expectancy*, a graceful bit of color which reminded us of the French school, and might well have come from some of its most successful pupils. We desire to notice also, a piece of broad fun by CLONNEY (No. 409), CRANCH'S *Dogberry and Verges*, the faces of which show a great deal of true Shaksperian humor, and THOMPSON'S *Thanksgiving Dinner*, that in color, expression, and character, is a marked improvement upon his former efforts. We must not forget PEEL, whose *Puck* is a happy rendering of that character so far as expression is concerned, although the forms are unpleasant, nor LIBBEY, whose vigorous and conscientious design has always given us pleasure in spite of the hardness of his outline, nor CHAPPELL, represented by a single work, which, however, does not sustain the promise of some of his previous productions.

Besides the pictures of native and resident artists, the Exhibition is graced by several which have come from distinguished hands abroad. The most interesting among these, are two drawings in charcoal by the great OVERBECK of Rome. These works are characterized by extreme purity of design, and great simplicity and directness in the manner of narrating the subject. They show a thorough knowledge of draperies; that on the reproving Saviour particularly is ad-

mirable. The ideal of the principal figure in this work, *Christ awakening his Disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane*, is full of dignity and power. Shall we venture to say that this is not the case in the other drawing, *The Incredulity of St. Thomas*, and that the forms there are mean and long-bodied, the drapery on the loins unskillfully arranged, and the manner too much after the "Pre-Raphaelite" model? In the first design there is great breadth in the drawing, and grandeur of style. These works are executed in charcoal, the finest material we know, for softness and delicacy of effect. They exhibit no retouching. The marks here are as they fell from the hands of their distinguished author. A *St. Cecilia*, by FLATZ, is beautifully drawn in parts particularly in the hands. Of the English school, we have a vigorous water-color by MACLISE, and examples of STANFIELD, COOPER, and HURLSTONE. The Stanfield shows the settled, well-adjusted power of an experienced hand. It is an inferior work of a capital artist. The color is solid and cool; the characteristic touch and manner are conspicuous, something that reminds one of scene-painting and distemper. The sky is fine and transparent, particularly at night. The Cooper is a better instance of its author's power. The clear, silvery gray color, the quality of the light, the beauty of the touch, are strikingly meritorious. The forms of the animals are true and satisfactory in every way. Hurlstone's *Lady Macbeth* is a picture painted in oils, in the water-color manner. There is a great deal of off-hand, dashing execution about it, but we cannot conceive why it should have been baptized with the name of Shakspeare's terrible heroine. That ideal has been considerably tamed down, at any rate, by Mr. Hurlstone, in his embodiment of it, to suit the elegance of the drawing-room where it is to hang. The two КОЕСККОЕКС are admirable in all that pertains to manipulation. The air in them, however, is by no means the fresh breath of heaven. They remind us of Berghem, and we see in them a great deal of talent, and much more knowledge of art than intimacy with nature. The sheep and poultry of ROBBE are capital, and there is much in the examples of EICKHOUT and GRIELENs to repay a careful examination of their works.

American art is chiefly known in Europe through its productions in sculpture, and yet in this, the principal exhibition of the nation, there is but one work in that department, the *Infant Ceres*, a child's bust of cabinet size, by PALMER. The rare beauty of this object almost compensates us for the want of more numerous specimens. The mythological attributes with which the artist has endowed it, explain, in some degree, a precociousness in the proportions of the head, to which we might otherwise be inclined to object. This part is too columnar in its outline to represent a perfect embodiment of the mould of childhood; and we may venture also to refer, at the risk of being thought hypercritical, to the extreme sharpness of the red margin of the lips, which is the more conspicuous among forms of such exceeding softness and delicacy. We are almost ashamed, however, to mention any drawbacks upon the merits of a work which all the world, artist and amateur, the cultivated and illiterate are unanimous in admiring. We hoped that BROWN would have had something in the Exhibition, particularly the *Indian defending his Child from a Panther*. We had the privilege

of seeing the model of this work, and thought it promised to become one of the most successful attempts of American art in this department.

The number of objects in sculpture in the great French exhibition, which has recently closed, was four hundred and sixty-six, about one-tenth of the whole. Of these, there were about three hundred portraits, leaving one hundred and sixty works of the imagination. Applying that ratio to our Exhibition, we should have had forty productions in sculpture, and at least sixteen examples of its higher walks. The principal cause of this almost entire absence of so important a branch of art, is probably that its American followers are chiefly resident in foreign lands, and connoisseurs at home do not extend to it the attention and support it deserves.

Our readers will observe that, in the preceding remarks, we have noticed generally those pictures only which had something in them that deserved praise. There are numerous works in the Exhibition which are undeniably bad. We believe that these are sufficiently well known without our taking the trouble to point them out. We have preferred the more difficult and (shall we say?) less timid course of indicating certain merits which have been sometimes overlooked. It is a very easy thing to call every painting a daub, and profess a degree of fastidiousness which nothing but the undoubted work of a world-renowned master can satisfy. We think those critics do a better service, however, who conscientiously attempt to discover and exalt talents which the world may be disposed to neglect, and cheer, if but with a single word of encouragement, the lonely artist who is toiling along the difficult pathway that leads to fame and honor.

The wood engravings that accompany this article are from Mr. Rossiter's *Types of Beauty*, and Mr. Durand's *Kaaterskill Clove*, both of which were noticed in the May number of the Bulletin. N. N.

THE CITIES OF ART AND THE EARLY ARTISTS.

NO. VII. PARMA AND CORREGGIO.

In the previous sketches of this series we have already traced in part the progress of Art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as displayed in the Italian capitals, their galleries, cathedrals, and churches, in the works of the famous elder masters. At Florence, in the cloisters of San Marco, and amongst the precious relics of the Academy, we found, in the pictures of FRA ANGELICO, the Dominican monk, the purest dawn of Christian art, free and unencumbered by the mists and fogs of its earlier and more immature revealings. At Perugia, amongst the Umbrian mountains, we walked with PERUGINO, the master of Raphael, and his precursor in the noble style of painting which the scholar afterwards perfected. At Milan, the varied and prodigious genius of LEONARDO DA VINCI displayed itself in works immortal in fame, but only too perishable in substance. In the Vatican, and under the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, we lingered in admiration of the sublime and beautiful creations of MICHAEL ANGELO and RAPHAEL. Our last pilgrimage to those shrines of Italian art revived the glories of Venice and the brilliant hues of TITIAN.

The field is not yet exhausted. Besides these great and prominent names identified with the most conspicuous cities of Italy, there are others which claim an equal regard from the student and lover of art. There are none greater than the masters whose lives we have already sketched—but there are their compeers, almost their equals,—men whose names, though less conspicuous, are still linked with theirs in the annals of art, and deserve to shine with a kindred lustre. Because the names of these masters are less familiar to our modern ears, let us hope that the narrative of their lives and labors may be none the less interesting and instructive.

In the very heart of Northern Italy, midway between Florence and Milan, stands Parma, the decayed and decaying capital of the Duchy of that name, the last relic of the sovereignty of Maria Louisa, a poor dowry for an Empress, the daughter of an Emperor, and the wife of an Emperor. It is one of the cities of the plain; that wide and level valley which stretches from the Apennines to the roots of the Alps, and through which the wandering Po wanders eastward towards the Adriatic. The dullness of the old town harmonizes with the monotony of the country around it, which like all the rest of Lombardy is flat, fertile and uninteresting. Toiling along the dusty highway from Bologna on your journey northward to Milan, Parma is one of the relays for dinner or a night's rest. An interminable straight road is that same highway, dotted at intervals with respectable ancient cities, such as Parma, Modena, Pavia, and Piacenza, which have all had their day, and been famous in it, and have now retired into insignificance and fallen about a century behind the age.

Nevertheless in almost every one of them there is something memorable and worthy to be seen, or there is some association of greatness clinging to them in spite of decay; it is strange in Italy to see how every old town has its mementoes and its memories and relics of departed grandeur or genius, just as the old crones of old women in the streets have their gold beads or silver crosses to be proud of and cherish and exhibit.

Parma especially boasts of what it once was and what it can still show in token of its first estate. It dates back for its early annals to the days of the Roman colonists, before the era of Augustus, and finds the principal origin of its name in its antique oval plan, curiously suggestive of the *parma* or shield of the Roman soldier. But it is the Middle Ages, the beautifiers of Europe, which have left their traces graven on the disk of the city's oval. In its quiet centre, near the *Piazza Grande* or main square of the city, stands one of those sombre solemn groups of architecture which the traveller finds in so many of the Italian cities, and which create for themselves in his memory that tranquil atmosphere which perpetuates and preserves the recollection of their original beauty. The Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the *Campanile*, or Belfry tower, as at Pisa and Florence, stand close to one another. The Cathedral is a grand and massive building of the Italian Gothic style of the twelfth century; the Baptistery, a superb edifice of white marble, famous as the finest of Italian Baptisteries, and also built at the end of the twelfth century; the ancient *Campanile* is of solid brick, and rises about two hundred and

fifty feet in substantial and unbroken perpendicularity.

If ever you go to Parma you will come upon these old buildings probably just as we did, of a summer's afternoon glowing and brilliant, sending the slant rays of the sunshine half way across the square, and leaving it half in shade. Involuntarily you will cross the street out of the sunshine, and keep under the shadow of the tall *Campanile*. The sunshine has no sympathy with these time-worn, time-blackened walls and towers, and the entire group seems to hold itself aloof from the present time and wrap itself in the shadows of its own antiquity. Hardly a living soul is passing along the street, one or two of the perpetual old men and old women who haunt the Italian cathedrals like premature ghosts glide in and out of the great doors, which look under the heavy Lombard portal like the entrance to a cave rather than a church. One or two of the perpetual children who are always just in front of you or just behind you in Italy are on hand to open doors that are already open, or inform you that those are shut which have evidently been locked for years, or to call some sacristan or beadle who is in full sight with his bunch of keys, while the perpetual beggar stands ready with his customary crutch hard by the church-porch for the alms which he seldom gets. From all this you are glad to escape into the Cathedral, and its damp, cold atmosphere is a relief from the sultry shade without. Its cumbrous ornaments and modern innovations of architecture do not possess much to attract—you pass them rapidly—reach the middle of the church, and then turn your eye with eagerness up towards the famous cupola of Correggio.

There is the sunshine at last. In those magnificent frescoes, upon which the artist spent so much of his life, and lavished his powers so prodigally, there is a world of richness and splendor concentrated within a compass comparatively small, but yet large enough to excite perpetual admiration of the genius that produced it. It is the Assumption of the Virgin, that favorite subject in Italian art, which is depicted. The octagon from whence the great vaulted cupola of the cathedral rises is supposed to be the open tomb of the Virgin. By its side, in the lower part of the cupola, stand the Apostles, represented as gazing up into the vaulted concave. In the highest part of the dome, Christ is seen waiting to receive the rising Madonna. She herself, the chief figure in the work, rises surrounded by angels and the heavenly host, a crowd of resplendent figures soaring and ascending towards the Saviour. The entire cupola is filled with the different groups, and seen from below the whole forms an almost innumerable, undistinguishable crowd of heavenly figures, over whom the light of heaven is made to fall, and whose countenances and attitudes are all full of its communicated rapture.

This is one of the grandest works of ANTONIO ALLEGRI, called CORREGGIO, one of the greatest masters of Italian art.

Alas for human grandeur and human fame! How few, even of those who are familiar with the names of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, are acquainted with that of Correggio, their fellow-laborer, and not their inferior in gifts and genius. He lived comparatively out of the world, and died comparatively young. He

painted few pictures which have become universally known by engravings and prints, or which for their popularity of religious sentiment were perpetuated for posterity; and therefore posterity, when it hears the name of Correggio, instead of recognizing him as an acknowledged heir of fame, and paying him the homage of immortality, asks who was he?

ANTONIO ALLEGRI was born in the year 1493, at Reggio, (formerly called Correggio,) a small town within the modern Duchy of Modena, famous as the birth-place not only of Correggio, but also of Ariosto, the great master of Italian romance, who first saw the light in the castle of the city, his father being its governor at the time. Reggio is a charming town "of so gay and pleasing an aspect," says that gossiping traveller, Valery, "that if Ariosto had not been born there, he ought to have been." It was in 1474 that he was born; thus only the brief interval of nineteen years separated the poet from the painter. The names of both are suggestive of pleasing and happy associations. Ariosto was the most graceful, if not the most brilliant of Italian poets, and his name recalls a host of fantastic and fanciful illusions. *Allegri*, the surname of Correggio, is the synonym of all that is joyous and gay, as Milton's *L'Allegro* may remind us. Sometimes he was called *Laetus*, a kindred name in Latin, significant of a similar meaning. These were apt appellations for this painter, whose works are the farthest removed from gloom or melancholy. Still he is not now known by either of them, his native city, as the manner of those times was, having baptized him with her own name to share his fame and perpetuate his allegiance as one of her citizens.

Correggio's father was not like Ariosto's, a man of distinction and authority, but a tradesman; respectable however in family and position, and entitled to call himself *Maestro* or Master, a designation of good standing and repute in those days. He had some property, and gave to his son Antonio an education such as befitted his station in life, as a future *Maestro*, and indeed beyond this necessity, for the youth was instructed in various branches of polite learning by a rhetorician from Modena, who rejoiced in the name of Battista Marastoni.

At that time when painting was so much in vogue, and pictures were multiplied on every hand in innumerable quantities and by innumerable artists, it is fair to suppose that there was hardly a family to be found in the upper half of Italy which could not boast of at least one painter. The Allegri family was not an exception to this rule. Lorenzo, the uncle of Correggio, was an artist or at least an amateur, and about as poor a painter, unless tradition belies him, as could well be found. Nevertheless, to this uncle, who was no better than a dauber, the young Allegri was indebted for the rudiments of his art, and perhaps to his first settled purpose of making it the profession of his life. But the pupil very soon out-learned the master, and sought a new one.

The new master was Andrew Mategna, one of the oldest of the old masters, a man much had in reverence in the latter part of the fifteenth century, who had commenced his career like Giotto, a still earlier patriarch of art, as a keeper of sheep, and ended it in the wealth and honors which his genius had secured. He was not only famous as a painter whose works were re-

nowned all over Italy, but also as the inventor of copper-plate engraving, that invaluable accessory to the arts of design. At the time Correggio attained the age of twelve years, Mategna, who had numbered over threescore and ten years, was still living in great affluence and esteem at Mantua, where he had built himself a splendid house, which, with true artistic simplicity and egotism, he had painted within and without himself. His residence at Mantua had naturally attracted to that city numbers of young painters anxious to profit by the instruction and example of an artist who had gained the highest praises and rewards from the princes of Mantua, and from Pope Innocent VIII. Amongst them Correggio was found, perhaps the youngest of them all, but of all the only one worthy of the mantle of the departing master.

Andrew Mategna died in 1506, but his works lived after him, and from them the young Correggio probably learned more than from the lips of their author. They were works which partook somewhat of the character of the antique; the school in which Mategna had formed himself, cultivated a tendency to revive in painting the ideal beauty of the Greek sculpture; they delighted in the remains of ancient art, the statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and vases which travellers brought from Greece, or which were dug out of the ruins of old Rome. The general arrangement of their features resembled the groups depicted in these classic bas-reliefs, while their fondness for statuary led them to hold in high esteem a correct drawing of the human form, and its accurate representations. This led to various improvements and innovations in the style of painting figures in many attitudes very difficult to be depicted. The effect which is characterized by the term "*foreshortening*" was first produced and perfected by this school, perhaps by Mategna himself. This difficult artifice, which is simply the representation of the breadth of a body and not its length, is entirely dependent on the artist's skill and accuracy in the drawing of forms, and in his management of light and shade.

It was to this school, then, that Correggio came with his joyous name and nature, full of enthusiasm for his art, and in the full strength of his dawning powers. He seized with avidity upon the models which lay before him in the pictures of Mategna and his disciples, and he caught the idea of their style with the precision of true genius, which never appropriates a thought or a method without carrying it far beyond its original scope. The harshness and stiffness of the old Grecian marble had never left the pictures of the Mantuan painters, who, though smitten, never so deeply with the antique grace, could not awaken it to a separate life in their imitative works. It was for Correggio to do this; to seize upon the undeveloped beauty, and to warm it into conscious existence; to advance the cumbersome style of old Mategna into a sphere of artistic power, of which that venerable Master never dreamed, and then to etherealize it with his own spirit. Mategna's manner of painting had been dry and hard, he produced fine figures and august forms, correct, precise, and worthy of great praise in that early era of art; Correggio, the child of a later period and a fuller artistic development, possessed a manner the most conspicuous and unrivalled for delicacy, variety, and the subtlest nicety. In his hands the classic

style of the Mantuans became a new thing, and he soon left behind him all its harsh mannerisms, and formed for himself a graceful, animated, and original style; more graceful, or more animated, no painter ever possessed.

By the time he had completed his twenty-first year, Correggio had risen to eminence in his art, and was employed in such works as then most frequently commanded the labors of painters, the decoration of rich convents, and religious houses, and of chapels and churches. Amongst the earliest of his patrons was the Franciscan Convent of Friars at Reggio, who engaged him in 1514 to paint an altar-piece for their church. At this time it appears he was still under the control or influence of his father, the work being executed in pursuance of an agreement entered into with the consent of Maestro Pelligrino. The stipulated price was one hundred ducats, fifty in advance, exclusive of the wood upon which the picture was to be painted. Ten ducats were allowed for leaf-gold, which was then liberally used on altar-pieces, and all the charges for erecting the scaffoldings and for the other preparations for the painting were assumed by the Friars. This was good pay, and shows that the artist began to command his own price.

In 1519 Correggio married Girolama Merlini, a maiden of seventeen years, daughter of a Mantuan soldier who had fallen in the battle of Taro a few years before. She was a beauty, say the old biographers, as well as a lady of birth and condition. There is no more to be said of her than this, and that she probably furnished her husband with the model of a charming picture of the Madonna, called the Madonna Zingarella, from the gipsy headdress twined around the brows of the Virgin in the picture.

It was in the following year that he was commissioned to paint in fresco the cupola of the church of San Giovanni, at Parma. This was not the cathedral, but a large and ancient Benedictine monastery, dating from the tenth century. This was the largest work he had yet undertaken, and he devoted himself to it with ardor. The subject chosen by him was the Ascension of Christ, and in its treatment he had to overcome the peculiar difficulty that the cupola had neither sky-lights nor windows, and that the whole effect of the work necessarily depended on the light reflected from underneath.

This was a difficulty which, to Correggio, seemed far less than it would have done to an artist of different taste and style. He had already solved, to a greater extent at least than any other artist, the problem of light and shade, and made it one of his chief instruments. That combination of light and dark which the painters call *chiaro-scuro*, and which signifies the distribution or division of light and shadow in a picture, so as to bring certain parts into prominence, and throw certain parts into obscurity, and thus give effect to the entire work, he had brought to greater perfection than had ever been done before or ever has been done since. This is not a mere trick of painting, or a skillful artificial arrangement requiring special dexterity, but one of the prominent necessities of art, which requires always a combination of light and shade, two things simply signified in this outlandish word *chiaro-scuro*, which has puzzled so many people. The secret is not in dexterous manipulations, but in the eye

and the art of the painter. Whether Correggio painted on the flat panel or on the oval concave of cupolas, he seems by some mysterious process to have imparted to his figures and groups a new adaptation of these old elements of light and shade. This is the marvel of his art, and the very secret of his success.

Correggio's painting satisfied the Benedictines of San Giovanni. They paid him five hundred gold crowns, equal to \$6,000 of our present currency, and by way of compliment, in addition, a small horse worth about eight ducats. Besides this, they conferred a special mark of regard upon him, by granting him, under the seal of the general assembly of the order, a patent of confraternity, a privilege most highly prized in those days of religious laziness, as it carried with it innumerable spiritual benefits derived from the prayers, masses, alms, and other pious offices of the community, and bound them to perform the same services for the repose of his soul as if he had been a Dominican in fact.

With these immunities it is very likely that Correggio had less scruple than he might otherwise have felt in engaging upon sundry profane and heathen works which he shortly afterwards took in hand, chiefly for the reigning Duke of Mantua, a learned but profligate prince. For him he painted many of those exquisitely finished works which have since found their way into various galleries on the continent, and which in the softest hues and most ethereal repose of graceful beauty, perpetuate the fables of Antiope and Leda, Io and Danaë. The Danaë is now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, beautiful and shameless, a chef-d'œuvre worthy of the profligacies of the ducal patron.

In Parma, too, he painted frescoes on the pattern of the old mythology. Not for dukes of questionable reputation this time, but for my lady Giovanna Piacenza, Abbess of the Monastery of St. Paul, a lady of great taste and munificence, but whose predilections seem to have been more classic than Christian. These frescoes are on the walls and ceilings of a chamber in the old convent. Diana returning from the chase with her white stags; cupids wantoning in unveiled beauty amidst a treillage of grapevines; the Graces, Fortune, Endymion the darling of the Moon, and Adonis the paragon of classic beauty—such are some of the decorations of this saloon of the lady Abbess, amongst which her crosier, the symbol of her ecclesiastical dignity, also figures, an odd mixture of the voluptuous and pagan and Christian.

The works of Correggio soon became the boast of Parma. The cathedral into which we have already pushed our explorations was soon put into his hands, and he brought the magic of his pencil to adorn its vast cupola with creations of a brilliancy greater than he had ever before attained. In this work he gave full play to his love of foreshortening and *chiaro-scuro*, and the play of light and shade, for which his larger pieces are famous, is more conspicuous and in greater force in this Assumption of the Virgin, than in any of his other pictures. One effect of this is, that, seen from below, there seem to be more legs and arms than properly belong to the number of bodies represented, and the first impression produced certainly justifies the grotesque criticism of some of the artist's cotemporaries, that he had painted "*un quazetto di rane*" (a hash of frogs). The monks, always capri-

cious and hard to please, found fault several times with Correggio's design, pronounced the figures too small, and made several other disparaging remarks during the progress of the work, greatly to the sensitive painter's disgust. About this time, it is related, Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, happened to visit Parma in one of his progresses, and in his train was no less a personage than Titian. The monks by this time were out of patience with Correggio, and they appealed to Titian, asking him to inspect the work as far as it had gone, and to decide whether the whole should be cancelled, or whether the artist should go on and finish it. Titian visited the cathedral, and looked up into the unfinished dome with the eye of an artist as well as an arbitrator. He pronounced it the finest composition he had ever seen, doubtless much to the disappointment of the worthy fathers, and equally to the delight of Correggio, who went on with his work, although it is believed that he never entirely finished it with his own hands, some further difficulty arising afterwards to interfere with its completion.

The most famous of Correggio's pictures are two now preserved in the Dresden Gallery—the Nativity, commonly called "*La Nolle*" (The Night), and a reclining Magdalene. These works were executed by him when in the maturity of his honors, and are amongst the happiest specimens of his peculiar style. The *Notte* is a picture of the birth of Christ. "The time chosen is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation proclaimed by the heavenly host, hastened to hail the new-born king and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has however thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant and illuminates the surrounding objects, but a secondary light is gathered from a group of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorizing the expression of Scripture, that Christ was the true light of the world." This is the most popular and the best known of Correggio's works; it is among the few which have been engraved and extensively disseminated. Some of my readers may remember to have seen an imitation of it in one of the Berlin *Lithophanes*, quite commonly in use.

The Magdalene, the gem of the Dresden Gallery, is also quite generally known, but never by any copy or engraving was the exquisite beauty and repose of this most charming and satisfying work of art reproduced or successfully imitated. It is one of the purest and most perfect of the creations of modern painting, and unites in its small compass all the elements which can give the stamp of completeness to a picture. This is the "Reading Magdalene," as she is commonly called, a reclining figure stretched along the grass, under a heavy shade, with her head resting on her hand, and the open volume of the Scriptures before her. "No picture in the world," says Mrs. Jameson, "has been more universally admired and multiplied through copies and engravings than this little picture."

There are few events and little romance in the life of Correggio. He died young, on the 5th of March, 1534, in the forty-first year of his age, after a few days' illness. His disease was a malignant fever, and it carried him off unexpectedly

in the midst of his increasing labors and his growing fame. He had finished his work on the cupola of the cathedral of Parma, and returned to his native Reggio, where he seems to have been held in high estimation by the magnates of that city. In 1533 we find it on record that he was present as one of the witnesses at a grand marriage at the castle between Ippolito, Lord of Reggio, and Chiaro da Correggio, his cousin. This was one of his last public appearances or acts; shortly afterwards he signed a contract with one of his patrons, by which he engaged to paint an altar-piece, and on account of which he received part of the price of the work in advance; but the contract was hardly signed before the artist died, and Pellegrino Allegri, his father, who survived the son of his affections and pride, repaid the gold which he did not live to earn. He was buried in the Franciscan convent at Reggio, in the sepulchre of his fathers, and his simple tomb is marked with the date of his death, and these four words—no more: MAESTRO ANTONIO ALLEGRI, DEPIINTORE.

In estimating the genius of Correggio, remember that he never did, perhaps was never able to do, what every American artist thinks an indispensable requisite to success—he never went to Rome. He did what he could—he availed himself of the helps which were within his reach, and scrupulously used them as his best means of improvement, but his genius did not fold its wings in inglorious idleness, or content itself with mediocrity and imitation of what was comparatively poor in default of the possession and incentive of what was better. It would have been well for Correggio if he could have done as Raphael, as Michael Angelo, as Titian, and all the great masters did; if he could have visited the great centre of art and of artistic labor and competition, and have enriched his own style with the fruits of so useful an experience. But this was denied him; his longest journeys were to Mantua and other cities of Lombardy. Nevertheless, his is a noble and praiseworthy character in spite of, or rather on account of this very evenness and tranquillity of his career, which indicate a true-hearted, zealous perseverance in his work and a noble self-reliance on his own authentic powers. There have been few artists like him in his achievements, and very few in his spirit of energetic, single-hearted action. When there shall be more, the dignity and power of the artist will perhaps revive, first in the feeling of artists themselves, and then in the estimation of the world; and it will be in a kindred spirit of satisfaction and gratulation that the painter of our own times will be able to say, as Correggio did before the San Cecilia of Raphael, "*Anch'io sono Pittore*"—"And I too am a Painter." W. A. B.

A BIOGRAPHICAL, TECHNOLOGICAL, AND TOPICAL DICTIONARY OF ART.

[Continued.]

[It is intended to include in this Dictionary, which will be continued from time to time in the Bulletin, biographical notices of artists, ancient and modern, living and dead, native and foreign; as well as explanations of technical terms, and other matters of interest to the student of art.]

ALLOISI (Baldassare, called GALANIO), an eminent historical and portrait painter, of the celebrated school of the Carracci, born at Bologna in 1578, and died in 1638, aged 60. He was the most celebrated portrait painter of his

day, and the Italian writers place him in the same rank of merit with Vandyck.

ALLORI (Allesandro, called BRONZINO), a painter of history and portraits, born at Florence in 1535, and died in 1607, aged 72. Having been deprived of his father in early infancy, he was taken under the care of Agnolo Bronzino, a distinguished painter, who educated him with all the tenderness of a parent. His most celebrated works are a crucifixion, intended for an altar-piece; a picture of the last judgment, after the manner of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, whose works he studied, and which is still preserved at Rome; and several very fine portraits of the nobility and great men of his time.

ALLORI (Christophano, called also BRONZINO), the son and disciple of the above master, born at Florence in 1577, and died in 1621, aged 44. He followed the style of his father for some time, but afterwards studied design from the works of Santi di Titi, and coloring from the fresh and glowing tints of Cigoli; he formed a style of his own, very different from that of his father. His principal works were of the same description as those of Alessandro, and were several large designs for altars, of delicate touch and correct drawing, and portraits of his contemporaries, executed with nature and truth, and with proper and becoming attitudes.

ALLSTON (Washington) was born in the State of South Carolina, in the year 1779, and died at Cambridge, near Boston, on the 9th of June, 1843. Being of a weak and feeble constitution, his physicians recommended his removal to another climate; and, consequently, before he had entered upon his seventh year, he was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, where he continued his studies until his seventeenth year, and was then entered at Harvard University. In some notes sent to Mr. Dunlap for his "*History of the Arts of Design*," he states, that his taste for imitation and composition had manifested itself before he left Carolina, even as early as six years of age; and that his favorite amusement was to put together little landscapes with cottages built of sticks and mosses, shaded with miniature trees, and peopled with men and women manufactured from the forked stalks of the fern. He adverts, too, to his early passion for the wild, the marvellous, and the terrific, and his delight in the stories of enchantments, hags, and witches, related by his father's negroes. Allston's leisure hours at Cambridge were chiefly devoted to the pencil; and he obtained permission to copy, during one of his winter vacations, a portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Van Dyck by Smybert, in the college library, which at that time seemed to him the perfection of painting—an opinion which he had occasion to alter some years afterward, upon viewing the original. Having gone through the four years' course of collegiate studies, Allston returned to South Carolina in the year 1800, where he disposed of his paternal estate for the purpose of defraying his expenses in Europe; and in May, 1801, at the age of twenty-two, embarked with his friend Malbone for England. Soon after his arrival in London, he became a student of the Royal Academy, and was immediately introduced to West, then in the zenith of his fame, who received him with his usual urbanity and kindness. The following year, 1802, he exhibited three pictures at Somerset House; the principal one, a "French soldier relating a story," a comic attempt; a "Rocky coast with banditti;" and a "Landscape with horsemen;" which latter he had painted during his residence at Cambridge. Allston remained three years in England; and in 1804, in company with his friend and fellow-artist Vanderlyn, crossed over to Paris. At this period, the Gallery of the Louvre was in full splendor, rich with the treasures of art, which the conqueror of nations had gathered into his splendid capital. He remained in Paris but a few months at this visit, and employed his time in studying and meditating upon the enchanting works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, passing hours of indescribable pleasure before their magnificent productions, the Peter Martyr,